

**PITH AND POINT.**

—“Speak of a man's eagle eye, and I'll give you his hand; mention his port nose, and he'll give you his hat.” *Portland Advertiser.*

—“Were you ever in an engagement?” Inquired an innocent rustic of a militiaman. “Yes, one,” replied the man of Mars; “but she sued me for breach of promise.”

—“A professional maxim for lawyers: whatever you do, do it with your might. Any member of the profession has made his fortune by working with a will.”

—“A maiden lady says that if single life is bad, it stands to reason that double life is twice as bad; but ladies rarely understand mathematics.”—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—Julian Hawthorne says that once he wrote for twenty-six consecutive hours without pausing or rising from his chair. He must have got up two hours after he wrote. *Fortnightly Herald.*

—The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.” His Honor said admonishingly to the prisoner: “After this you ought to keep away from bad company.” “Yes, your Honor, you will not be here again in a hurry.”—*Chicago Tribune.*

—“I am perfectly at home in the water,” said an old toper as he plunged into the surf. “That is where you have no advantage over water,” was the unflinching remark of a bystander who knew him. —*Boston Post.*

—Miss Beauty: “That gentleman means to know you.” Miss Hightie: “Yes; did you ever see such impudence actually doing it?” Miss Beauty: “Have you never met him?” Miss Hightie: “Only at Spirit Lake. I could think he might have sense enough to know that summer-resort engagements don't count in town.”—*Des Moines (Ia.) Leader.*

—Office boy (to editor): “There's a man who wants to see you. He wants to pay some money.” Editor: “Did he give his name?” Office boy: “No, sir.” Editor: “Well, you find out his name and all about him and what he wants to pay money for, and then come and tell me before you let him in. In the glorious days of journalism.” Miss Beauty: “The prudent man will always be found on the safe side.”—*N. Y. Herald.*

**DIMPLES TO ORDER.**

Shop Where Ugly Women are Made Charming and Attractive.

“Every one who desires beauty may possess it to a certain extent in these days of invention, said a curious little man who has a small workshop in one of the side streets up-town, where he carries on a rather peculiar and novel trade. “Noses are remodeled, fingers made to taper, insteps to arch, and my work, that of making dimples and long eyelashes, has added the finishing touch to the last.” “You mean,” said the dimple as he lost to real beauty as a potato without salt is lost to taste. I have but recently set up my establishment here, and in the few months of my sojourn have transformed many a plain girl into a dimpled beauty and added eyelashes to her locks as much to the bare eyelids of a few others.”

“Is the operation of having an artificial dimple made very painful?” queried a reporter.

“Yes, I should think so, because a piece of the flesh is taken right out of the cheek or chin, and the operation is, of course, not painless, but I have known the patient endure the operation without a murmur, when they would scream at the sight of a mouse, and faint if a spider touched them. Women will suffer a great deal of agony for the sake of beauty, and I am glad to see that the artificial dimple is used ten times to their attracting charms, and will also be a lasting beauty if it is only slightly made.”

Just then a timid knock was heard on the door, and in walked a damsel of twenty, beautiful as Venus, with four or five rows of lovely dimples showing in her round cheeks and chin, and she smiled reticently at the maker of these charms, surely she had not come for artificial imps.

“I wanted to show you how well the dimples were getting on,” she said, in a low tone. “You see, at first I thought they would be ugly, but now I have got nothing to say. They were so sore and looked so disagreeable; but now I think they are lovely.” And she smiled at her own reflection in a large mirror opposite, and then smiled again with delight at the dimples came.

“The little dimple,” made a careful examination of the little dimples, and after paying a bill of one hundred dollars cash the young lady departed.

“How much do you charge to make a dimple?” was asked.

“Well, that depends greatly on the character of the skin, and is tough and hard, and other accidents. My lowest charge for a single dimple is fifteen dollars, but when I make several on one face the bill is of course somewhat reduced. It takes about two weeks to make a proper dimple. First, I must make the skin soft and supple; then, during the operation, removing a part of the flesh and putting back the skin, is accomplished, and that is, of course, the most difficult part of the process. About ten days are required to completely make the dimple, and during that time the patient must not venture to smile at all or the dimple may be entirely ruined.”

“What kind of people come to me to have dimples made?”

“Every kind, almost, although you would not think so. I had a lady of the aristocracy yesterday afternoon who gave me an order for two dimples, one in the chin and one in her left cheek. She expects, I rather think, that they will aid her matrimonial prospects. Then I had a nurse-maid last week who paid me fifteen dollars for a handsome dimple in her chin. She is a very good girl; my patients are, however, young girls who consider themselves handsome, but not bewitching enough. I have had five women come to me for dimples, four wanting them in the chin and one in the cheek. Do I ever make scars? Well, I have made scars, but I have refused to make dimples for two or three people in Paris because they had such tough skins, but Americans are more fortunate in that respect.”

As the reporter rose to go a young lady of handsome appearance entered the room. She had auburn hair, a snowy complexion, and would have been beautiful but that her blue eyes were shaded by lashes almost white.

“I want to know,” she said, “if I could have dark lashes put into my eyelids in place of these?”

“Yes, I can do that,” said the little dimplemaker, “but it will be a painful operation. The cost? Well, one dollar for each eye-lash. I would not attempt to touch the under ones, but you can easily keep them darkened with a little charcoal.”

“Very well,” made, the young lady agreed to come next day for the operation, and left happy.—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*